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THE

Briſtol Watch-Bill:

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TWO BROTHERS;

OR,

The DISMAL STORY of

JACK and the *TORY*.

In Familiar VERSE.

---------- *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.
HORAT: SATIR: Lib. I

Where Biting Satyr's found to fail,
A merry Jeſt may oft prevail.

Thus *Horace* ſpoke, with Temper cool,
And ſtroking laſh'd the *Roman* Fool.

BRISTOL:
Printed for THOMAS GRANT, on St. *James*'s-Back; and ſold by the Bookſellers in Town and Country, 1755.

British Museum
6
57

A

DIALOGUE, &c.

TORY.

ALAS! Alas! to what a paſs
Are we poor TORIES come;
We ſtrove for Rule, but play'd the Fool,
Now wiſh we had been Dumb.

JACK.

Hey-day! Dear Brother, why all this Pother?
What makes you look ſo ſad?
If you be Sick, pray tell me quick,
Methinks the Man is mad.

20 32

TORY,

O Brother *Jackey*, I your good Lackey,
Am wounded to the Heart:
If there's Relief, aſſwage my Grief,
For I can't bear the Smart.

JACK,

Not to diſſemble, you make me tremble,
However tell the worſt;
Is *Je---y* dead, our Sov'reign Head,
Whom WHIGS ſo long have curſt?

TORY,

No, No, dear Brother, (for you're no other)
'Tis not ſo bad as this;
The WHIGS have beat us, or rather cheat us,
And now the *Serpents* hiss.

Jack,

JACK,

Huſh, Huſh, my Friend, your Speech I'll mend,
'Tis you have made them wiſe;
Thus *Charles*, the *Swede*, did *Peter* lead
His Conqueror to chaſtiſe.

By ſturdy *Club* you did them drub
Full twenty merry Years,
'Till rous'd at length, they found their Strength,
And laid aſide their Fears.

With *Club* in Hand, they you withſtand,
And daily ſtronger grow:
By what I hear, I greatly fear
They will us overthrow.

Without ado, come plainly ſhew
The Cauſe of your Dejection;
Is it the Smart of your poor Heart
E'er ſince the late ELECTION?

TORY.

My Heart, 'tis true, doth bleed a-new
When I recall that Day;
Which for freſh Sorrow, on ev'ry Morrow
I ſee has pav'd the Way.
My Blood runs chill, Oh! 'tis the BILL
That paſt the HOUSE of late,
The City to guard, through ev'ry Ward
That doth this Grief create.

We did our beſt, and did proteſt
With angry Diſpoſition;
Conveen'd our Tribe, and did Subſcribe
Againſt this Impoſition.

At *Merchants-Hall* our Cauſe did fall,
Which made us very *Blue*;
For on th'Account the whole Amount
Againſt the Bill was Two.

The LOWER HOUSE we could not chowſe,
Tho' LIBERTY the Cry;
WHIG got the Day, O ſad to ſay,
By Large Majority.

We Heads of St. *P---tr's*, where moſt are our Creatures,
Aſſembled in due Form:
Our Seal we ſent, with full Intent
T'avert th'impending Storm.

By humble Petition, we laid our Condition
Before our *Mighty P----s*,
We got Eleven, juſt Four and Seven,
To Seventy-ſix of theirs.

With all our Rout we are beat out
Of each advanced Poſt;
And now no Wonder we muſt knock under,
Since WHIGS do rule the Roaſt.

With Tears be't ſpoke, the Whigs have broke
The Teeth of the OLD LION;
And if his Paws ſhould loſe their Claws,
We have nought to do but Sigh on.

We had'nt been piqu'd, but ſhould have lik'd
The BILL exceeding well;
By us amended, as we contended
In form as you can tell.

It makes us Sour to loſe our Power,
After ſo long a Reign;
Each MAG-----TE, muſt rule our State
Thro' ev'ry Street and Lane.

Had

Had they been *Blues*, we could not chuſe
But they ſhould here preſide;
Who have Command upon the Land,
And on the flowing Tide.

We had bore Sway, and rul'd the Day,
But now the WHIGS in ſpite,
Have us bereft, nor to us left
The Empire of the Night.

A ſingle Man may us Trepan,
His Pow'r no Limits knows;
For he can do to every *Blue*
Juſt as the Law allows.

With Heart and Voice the WHIGS rejoice,
And drink their NUG--T's Health;
That *Iriſh* Jew, that would undo
Our Tory Common-Wealth.

His

His Noiſy Clack, O Brother *Jack*,
Has done us no ſmall Harm;
His flippant Tongue, ſeems as if hung
Our Heroes to diſarm.

We ſit and pine at the Decline
Of the OLD INTEREST;
Ox---d, we fear, to Ruin's near,
And we almoſt a Jeſt.

The Crew Schiſmatick with Rage Fanatick
Revive the Days of NOL;
In impious Deed they him ſucceed,
And make the Church a Droll.

Nay Parſon B--T with Roſe in Hat,
Upon a publick Day,
Goſpel forgetting, has ſhewn our Tricking,
In ſpite of all we ſay.

The

The Church is chose us to expose,
With bold Similitude:
It's useful *Clock must now us mock
If half it's Hand be view'd.

Wrongheaded Tools, or rather Fools,
In open Print we lye;
No † Weather-Cock, but points each Block
Our Party to descry.

Friend *Gabriel Sly*, some think doth lie,
Be 't so; he's full of Spleen;
He'as Roasted *B--t*, I'm sure of that,
What's Truth to Satyr keen?

* See a much derided, but ingenious Discourse, lately publish'd, entitled UNION and LOYALTY Recommended, Page 9.

† See Discourse above, Page 8.

With ſnarling Pun, he makes us Fun,
Perverting *B--t*'s plain Text:
But with this Mixture, there's ſtill our Picture,
I Laugh, but am ſore vext.

O could we make *Sacheverel* wake,
Our Champion, long Deceast;
He with his Thunder ſhould tear aſunder
This pert and puny Prieſt.

I might go on t'enlarge upon,
Our very mournful State;
But muſt be brief, leſt riſing Grief
My Speech ſhould ſuffocate.

S-- J--- we've Loſt, and ſtill are croſt,
By Low-Church Cor-------n;
The Church muſt fall, that's worſt of all,
To crown the Uſurpation.

JACK.

Peace my dear Brother, 'tis beſt to Smother
Our Anger at this Seaſon;
Our Words they catch, and daily watch
To charge us with High-Treaſon.
The Whigs did peſter our Friends at *Leiceſter*,
About an idle Song:
Let us beware, for they won't ſpare,
But give it us Ding-Dong.
As to the *Bill*, I want not Skill
Your Darling Plan to ſee;
Stronger you ſtrive to make your * Hive
Than † Ship of § Forty-three.

* An Alluſion to the Seal of St. *P—r*'s H——l.

† The Ship and Caſtle, the Arms of the City of BRISTOL.

§ The worthy Corporation of this City conſiſt of this Number.

But to be plain, you ſtrive in vain,
And needs muſt have the worſt;
When Frog would riſe to Ox's Size,
The Story ſays, he Burſt.

To ſtorm, and rattle, won't gain the Battle,
When Odds againſt us lye;
E'en STARS and GARTERS can't fight with Charters,
Then how can you and I?

Freedom I take ſince you miſtake
About the Church's fall;
Here you're a Stanger, for there's no Danger
From Non-Con, one and all.

In *Eighty-eight*, Unfortunate,
The Church they under-propp'd:
Had you went on, as you begun
It to the Ground had dropp'd.

To ſpeak my Mind, had you inclin'd
To an Accommodation:
You'd had *S-- J---*, nor undergone
Such woful Tribulation.

At more you graſp, than you can claſp,
Like Dog in *Æſop*'s Fable;
Who loſt the Meat he might have eat
To get a Shadowy Table.

I've ſeen that Speed don't well ſucceed
To change the Conſtitution;
Ja--s was in Haſte, and drove too faſt,
Thus came the Revolution.

If by good hap you e're entrap
Our mortal Foes the WHIGS,
You firſt muſt trick them, and then you'll ſtick them
Like ſo many ſqueaking * Pigs.

* See an highly applauded Performance, entitled, *The Hogs in the Slaughter-Houſe.*

Each Loyal *Jack* would fain ſend back
The *H*--------*n* Line,
But Low-Church Crew to G----E e'er true
Our Meaſures countermine.

In *Forty-Five* we *Jacks* did ſtrive
The St--e to overturn:
But Nought avail'd, for WILL prevail'd,
And then 'twas Hang and Burn.

No more I'll try, unleſs I ſpy
What's fit my Mind to alter;
I love my *K*--*g*, but would not ſwing
In griping Hempen Halter.

In G----E I own, now on the Throne,
Great Virtues brightly ſhine;
But with all theſe, he can't me pleaſe,
He wants the Right Divine.

Nor

Nor can you love, or him approve,
Who guards Diſſenting Flocks;
In *Charles*'s Reign you might Diſtrain
And ſend to Jail, or Stocks.

Since Liberty we cannot ſee
Our Neighbours to moleſt;
Let's go to *Dover*, then ferry over
In *France* to ſeek our Reſt.

TORY.

If you ſay ſo, 'tis Time to go,
" But ſad is the Reflection;
" Our Cauſe is dead, and we're afraid
" 'Twill have no Reſurrection."

FINIS.

6 157

19.
28